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INTEMPERANCE THE GREAT DESTROYER.

"Thou shalt not kill."—Exodus, 20 : 13.

In the application of this precept of the decalogue to the subject of temperance, we propose to show—

- I. THAT THE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUOR, UNDER EVERY FORM, AS A BEVERAGE, TENDS TO KILL.
- II. THE AMOUNT OF DEATH THUS ANNUALLY PRODUCED.
- III. THE NATURE OF THIS DEATH.
- IV. THAT ALL WHO USE, MAKE, OR ENGAGE IN THE TRAFFIC OF THIS ARTICLE AS A BEVERAGE, ARE GUILTY OF THE VIOLATION OF THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT, AND RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH THUS EFFECTED.

In the proof of the position that the use of intoxicating liquor as a drink, under every form, tends to kill, we adduce,

1. The testimony of the *chemist*, whose appropriate business it is to analyze the nature and the properties of substances, and to settle the verdict of a jury of inquest, in case of death by poison. This class of men testify, that the substance which intoxicates, and which men so much love and seek in brandy, rum, wine, cider, and all the inebriating liquors, is alcohol, one of the most active and powerful of the narcotic vegetable poisons. They affirm that it possesses no nutritious qualities whatever; that it invariably weakens, and ultimately destroys, every organ of the body

with which it comes in contact ; that the quantity, as in the case of arsenic, prussic acid, or hemlock, has only to be increased to produce instantaneous death ; and that the introduction of even a small portion into the vein of an animal will destroy life. They also affirm, that it is a poison so diffusive and subtle, that it rapidly circulates through the arteries and veins, the lungs and the heart, penetrating the smallest nerves, the most delicate fibres, the secret recesses of the brain, and in short, through every part of the system. The inebriate is full of this deadly poison. It may be distilled from his liver, lungs, and blood, and be discovered in every breath. It has indeed been found in the brain in such quantities as to be detected by the senses, and to blaze on the application of fire. Such, from actual experiment, is the testimony of the chemist, that alcohol, whether taken from the bottle or the brain of the drunkard, is the same destructive poison.

2. We present the testimony of the *medical profession*.

The highest medical authorities of Great Britain being examined in large numbers before the committee appointed by the British parliament to inquire into the causes of drunkenness, unanimously testified "That ardent spirits are absolutely poisonous to the human constitution ;—that in no case whatever are they necessary, or even useful to persons in health ;—that they are always, in every case, and to the smallest extent, deleterious, pernicious, or destructive, according to the proportions in which they may be taken into the system." They also testified "that destruction of health, premature decrepitude in the old, stunted growth and general debility and decay in the youth—that paralysis, idiocy, delirium tremens, disease in every form and shape, were the consequences of the use of this poison." Dr. Rush, indeed, fifty years ago, declared that a large proportion of the most painful and fatal diseases were thus directly produced. Another distinguished physician has testified, that "Amidst all the evils of human life, no cause whatever of disease has so wide a range, or so large a share, as the use of spirits." Between three and four hundred physicians in the city of New-York, and about seven thousand in America and in Europe, have added their testimony to that of the medical authorities before noticed. Thus we have arrayed before us a jury of more than seven thousand men, disinterested, intelligent, and in every respect competent to settle the question. In opposition to such evidence, the strongest the case admits, will any man venture to declare that intoxicating liquors are either a wholesome or a harmless beverage ? Will any dealer in these drinks maintain that he is not selling poison ?

3. We appeal to the objector's *own senses*, and to *facts* established by experience and observation.

Is there one engaged in the traffic but has before him, every hour of the day, sad illustrations of the poisonous properties of alcohol? A grocer's clerk in Albany a short time since, sold a little boy eleven years old a pint of raw brandy; the child drank it, and in one hour, in defiance of medical skill, was a corpse. I do not stop here to inquire who was the murderer of that boy; but simply to ask, was it not the brandy that killed him? Look into our alms-houses, hospitals, and penitentiaries, and survey the victims of intemperance. Is there one among them all that bears not the well-known marks of the fatal poison? We ask those engaged in the traffic, who maintain that they are not selling poison, to look upon their customers as they throng their bar or counter. A short time since, the hue of health was painted on their cheek, their eye was bright, and their step was firm. Is it so now? Ah! how loudly and unequivocally do those pale and emaciated faces, those livid lips and stammering tongues, those tremulous hands and staggering steps prove that they are poisoned. Every one of them feels the venom rankling in his veins, feels that rum is killing him. His wife in tears and sighs exclaims, "Rum is killing my husband." His children, as they gaze on the loathsome and wretched form of their parent, in shame and grief cry out, "Rum is killing father:" and every one who sees and knows him admits the fatal truth. The evidence that alcohol is a poison, no intelligent, candid man will attempt to dispute. He might as well deny the testimony of his own senses. We proceed to exhibit,

II. THE AMOUNT OF DEATH ANNUALLY PRODUCED BY THIS POISON.

From this investigation our mind instinctively shrinks appalled, like that of one amidst the slain on the field of battle. We know not where to begin to count the wounded, the dying, and the dead. What part of our world is exempted from the awful scourge? We may safely infer, from estimates recently made, that at least fifty thousand in this country, eighty thousand in Great Britain, three hundred thousand in France, annually perish by the use of this poison. The Duke of Orleans recently declared to a distinguished American gentleman, that more than one third of the population of France were engaged either in the production or sale of intoxicating drinks. Thus we have in these three most enlightened countries on earth, nearly a half million of human beings—an army more numerous than

that of Napoleon in his glory, every year slain by this great destroyer.

And directly in the rear of this vast multitude, there are in these countries at least three millions treading in the drunkard's path, and pressing rapidly their way down to the drunkard's grave. Yet, awful as is this destruction of human life, what is it compared with the whole amount thus produced in the world? Let it be remembered, that our estimate has reference only to France, Great Britain, and the United States. We have said nothing of Sweden, with her one hundred and seventy thousand distilleries, in a population of three millions; nothing of Russia, Italy, Spain, and other portions of Europe noted for intemperance; nothing of the islands of the sea, some of which are actually becoming depopulated by the use of strong drink. Neither have we spoken of the southern portion of this continent, of Africa, or of Asia, where, in proportion to the facilities of procuring the means of intoxication, this vice prevails to a most fearful extent. Mr. Bruce, (as reported by Dr. Scudder,) speaking of the drunkenness of India, says, "That while he was sitting-magistrate in the police-office at Madras, during the early part of last year, it had come to his knowledge that the practice of drinking ardent spirit prevailed extensively among all classes of the native community; and that it had been found, from the most vigilant observation, that one half of the native population were daily intoxicated." This description, we apprehend, to a certain extent, will apply to the other portions of Asia. To the number thus directly destroyed by alcohol, let there be added the thousands that perish annually by shipwrecks, fires, and accidents of different kinds, three-fourths of which may be traced to intemperance. Also the murders, the manslaughters, the loss of life by robberies, riots, tumults, and other great enormities,—four-fifths of which Chief Justice Hale, two centuries ago, declared resulted from excessive drinking,—and what a frightful list of mortality have we before us. It exceeds all computation.

Where is the scourge that can for a moment be brought into comparison with that of intemperance? It is one that never ceases. The awful work of destruction has been going on for centuries, like "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." Two hundred years since, Lord Bacon declared "that all the crimes on earth did not destroy as many of the human race as drunkenness." Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*, speaking of the loss sustained by England on the field of Waterloo, says, "that fifteen thousand men killed and wounded threw half Britain into mourning. It required all the solid advantages of that day to reconcile the mind to the high

price at which it was purchased." Here is a carnage not only exhibited once, and that on a single field, but every year, and every day, throughout the world. Where is the eye that sees not its woes? Where is the ear that hears not its groans? Where is the heart that does not bleed, because of the loss of some dear relative, friend, or companion? We may indeed say with the prophet, "the land mourneth because of drunkenness." It has indeed destroyed more lives than all the weapons of war and the desolations of gunpowder. It has sent more human beings to the grave than the slave-trade, with all its horrors—than the plague, the earthquake, the fire, the flood, the famine, and the pestilence. It is truly "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." Where is the noble race, with its unnumbered tribes, that once possessed this soil, bathed in these waters, roamed over these mountains, and pitched their tents in these valleys? The great destroyer has been abroad in the land, with a weapon more terrible, and far more fatal, than the tomahawk or scalping-knife. We are overwhelmed as we gaze upon the mass of mortality wasting away under the fires of alcohol, and attempt to compute the dying and the dead.

III. WHAT IS THE NATURE OF THE DEATH *thus produced*? Or, when alcohol kills, *how and what does it kill*?

1. Alcohol, as it kills, deranges and destroys *the mind*.

Men killed by other poisons, generally possess their reason until the last moment. This at once attacks the citadel of the soul, enfeebling and wasting every faculty. By it the noblest intellect is prostrated and laid in ruins. And just so far as men come under the influence of the poison, do they approach idiotism or madness. It invariably produces temporary insanity, and not unfrequently terminates in permanent derangement; of which truth our hospitals for the insane furnish most sad and heart-rending illustrations.

2. Alcohol, as it kills, destroys all *the tender and amiable qualities of our nature*.

As no other poison, it hardens the heart, and prepares it for the perpetration of the most horrible crimes. A few years since, a husband having murdered his wife, with his own hand butchered his six motherless children, and placed one of them to broil on the fire. What other poison in the universe could have turned the once amiable and affectionate father into the most horrid of monsters? This poison penetrated his heart, and like the blast of the simoon, withered all that was tender and lovely.

A son, instigated by a mother to shoot a neighbor, as he raised his rifle, shuddered at the thought of his crime, and dropped the fatal instrument. His mother standing by his side, with a whiskey bottle in her hand, perceiving the agitation of her son, instantly presented him the poison. He drank; then with a steady hand and eye levelled his rifle and killed the man. Thus alcohol hardens the heart, and stimulates to the commission of crime. "By one fatal act," said Judge Edwards, in pronouncing sentence of death on James Ransom, "your wife has been sent to the cold and silent mansions of the dead, your children were deprived of all the endearments and fostering care of their mother, and you are fated to expiate your offence upon a gallows. Upon a review of the shocking transaction, the question naturally presents itself, what could have so perverted your nature? what could have so steeled your heart? The answer is, intoxicating liquor. It has had the effect to estrange you from the most endearing relation, from the ties of blood, from your obligations to your fellow-beings, and to your Creator." Intemperance is the great leading cause of crime. Thus it is supposed that nine-tenths of all the criminal offences in the land take their origin.

The late district-attorney of New-York city declared that every murder, twenty-two in number, that it was his duty to examine while in office, were traced to the use of intoxicating drinks. Indeed, all the murders, it has been ascertained, with the exception of three, in this city, for the space of fifteen years, arose from this cause.

3. Intemperance, above all other vices, *enslaves* man; it destroys his liberty.

Not only does it "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder," but it coils around the miserable victim, and binds him as it stings, with a serpent's grasp. In vain does he struggle to escape. We have seen the gray-headed man walk his room, in agony intense, and weep under tender reproof, as if his heart would break, and heard him cry out in broken sentences, "I am lost, for ever lost. Could I escape, ten thousand worlds, did I possess them, would I give. My resolutions, my promises, and my prayers are as empty as the wind; I have only to see, or even smell the poison, and I am borne away by an uncontrollable thirst. Thus I live a slave, and a miserable slave must I die." "Put down that cup," said one to a drunkard. The poor creature pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, "Rather burn in an eternal hell than give it up." Thus the drunkard dies, borne down under the pressure of a most loathsome and cruel bondage.

4. Alcohol kills the body with pain unutterably severe and most protracted.

"Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine." The mere physical suffering endured by the drunkard from the time he commences his ruinous course until its termination, can only be conceived by the wretched inebriate himself. None but a drunkard knows what a drunkard suffers. In addition to a variety of diseases, he has ever within, unless sated with the poison, a burning, raging thirst, for the momentary relief of which he will sacrifice his property, his character, his body, and his soul. He will indeed subject himself to the most menial service, pledge the last article of his furniture, sell his Bible, part with the last garment, and snatch the last morsel from the mouth of his starving child. No language can describe, no pencil can depict a drunkard's sufferings. His bosom is the emblem of hell. His property gone, his character ruined, his tenderest relations sundered, his passions and appetites uncontrolled, his body diseased and loathsome throughout, and all his hopes of immortality blasted—what is there left for him "but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment?" Does not every feature of his countenance bespeak the horrid woes within? What is it but suffering intolerable that drives so many of the wretched victims on to madness and to suicide? See the poor creature in the last stages of disease with the delirium tremens. What writhings of body! What distortion of feature! What dismal groans and frightful shrieks! Once it was my lot to stand by the bed-side of such a sufferer and witness his awful death. God grant that I may never see another such. It seemed as if all the pains and woes of earth had been concentrated in his bosom, and that all the fiends of hell had been let loose to torment his spirit. He longed for hell itself, that he might know the worst of his case. Alas! what multitudes thus annually perish, especially from the ranks of those who call themselves moderate drinkers.

5. The death of the drunkard involves the death of the soul.

What is the loss of property, health, reputation, life, all things besides, compared with that of the soul? Who has charity to believe that one of the five hundred thousand drunkards in our land is a man of true piety? The poison which he drinks darkens the understanding, sears the conscience, pollutes the affections, and debases every power of the soul. It wearies the forbearance of heaven, and makes man a loathing and an abomination to his God. The drunkard is a murderer. He kills himself; and "no murderer," it is declared in the sacred volume,

"hath eternal life abiding in him." He is a drunkard ; and "no drunkard," it is said, "shall inherit the kingdom of God." From the society of the pure and the blessed he must be excluded, and not only excluded, but doomed to a most certain, endless, and awful perdition—the consummation of the drunkard's sufferings and the drunkard's woes. Let us not attempt to lift the covering of the pit, where there is "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

6. The death of the drunkard involves the *death of others*.

Is he the captain of a vessel ? Has he a station at the helm ; or the charge of a steam-engine ? By the use of one glass of spirits, a hundred lives in a moment may be sacrificed. Is he a husband, a father ? If not by violent hands, by his cold neglect and cruelties he wounds and breaks the heart of his wife, so that she goes rapidly to the grave. The earth seems to open and call the poor woman to her only resting-place. And his children, if not murdered by cruel blows or acts of unkindness, are tempted to follow the iniquity of the father, and lie down with him in the drunkard's grave.

7. The wretched inebriate dies *unlamented*. His death rather affords joy than grief. The community feel relieved of a burden and a nuisance. Not a tear is shed ; none are anxious to do him homage, or follow his remains to the grave. He is borne away to the silent tomb unlamented. Had he died by any other cause, many might have mourned his loss, and wept at his burial. Is there indeed none that mourns ? Ah ! who is that in sable dress bending over his coffin, and weeping as if the heart would break ? It is the widowed mother. "Can a mother forget ?" When hope of reform had expired in every other bosom, it still lingered in hers to the last moment, and cheered her sinking spirit. Now she drops her last tear over the lifeless body of the profligate, and with signs that indicate her own rapid dissolution, exclaims, "O my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, my son, my son !" A thousand eyes are suffused with tears, in sympathy for the widow ; but who has a tear to shed for that son who has thus blighted a mother's hopes, and broken a mother's heart ?

IV. We call your attention to the proof, THAT ALL WHO USE, MAKE, OR VEND ALCOHOL UNDER ITS DIFFERENT FORMS AS A DRINK, ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH THUS PRODUCED, AND ARE JUSTLY CHARGEABLE WITH THE VIOLATION OF THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

With respect to those who use it as a mere beverage, we have

simply to say, our position, admitting our premises, is as clear as a sun-beam. All such, if they perish in the use of intoxicating drinks, commit wilful, deliberate self-murder. Their guilt is awful. But it is to the maker and vender of the poison as a beverage, wholesale and retail, we wish especially to apply our remarks, and to demonstrate, that for the appalling destruction of human life by intoxicating liquor they are mainly responsible; and that persisting in their business with the light now enjoyed, are justly chargeable with the *perpetration of murder*. The question may here arise, what constitutes murder? It is not necessary, I remark, to its commission, that there should invariably be malice prepense, or the intention to kill. According to Blackstone, and the best expounders of human law, the sacrifice of life from mere sordid love of gain, supreme selfishness, recklessness, or any wicked state of the heart, oftentimes constitutes murder of the most crimson die. Now we ask where on earth are there more human beings killed through the sordid love of gain, more recklessly, than in the rum-selling establishments scattered over the land? What is it but for mere paltry pence the poison that kills is sold? What characterizes the traffic from the first to the last, but entire selfishness, and an utter recklessness of the property, the happiness, and the life of another? Not a glass of spirit does the vender sell but he knows that it shortens life, and may result in the death of the inebriate himself, and that of his wife and helpless children. He robs man of his reason, and gives him that which fits him for the perpetration of the foulest, blackest murder. He values more a few pence, than he does the man's reason, his reputation, happiness, body, and soul: more than he does the man's family, or the good order and peace of society. While he receives his pay, what cares he who is robbed, wounded, or killed? What cares he, while he himself is enriched and protected by his license, how many hopes he blights, and how many hearts he makes to bleed? What cares he how many families he scatters and ruins—how many penitentiaries, alms-houses, hospitals, and grave-yards he crowds with the miserable, loathsome victims of his cupidity? If there be no intention to kill, we challenge any one to show whether, in the sight of God, there be any better state of heart in the bosom of the rum-seller than in that of the midnight assassin? Do not both, for the mere love of money, take away life? I would not, says the assassin, break in upon the man's dwelling and take life if I could otherwise obtain money. What is this but the very apology of the rum-seller. I would not follow this business of selling poison, now becoming so disreputable and so troublesome to my conscience, if I could otherwise obtain a living. I do not, says the man engaged in the unhallowed traffic, as the assassin, break in upon the innocent at midnight, and before its occupant is aware, kill

him. To such we reply, True, you do not. Did you thus, your business would not, in many respects, be so criminal or so awfully calamitous. The man that loses his life by the assassin, dies comparatively innocent; his sufferings in this and the world to come are not one millionth part of what the drunkard does or must suffer. While the man killed by the assassin dies involuntarily, the person whose life you take dies voluntarily. He commits deliberate self-murder, and you are the guilty, efficient agent in the dreadful work. Well knowing the infirmity and depravity of the inebriate, you put into his hands the instrument of death. And this you do in the sight of an indignant, virtuous community, with light pouring in upon your conscience, and against the tender entreaties and strong remonstrances of friends and relatives. In vindication, you may say you have no design to kill, no malice prepense; yet we maintain that you cannot show that you have any more real benevolence, any higher or purer principle of action, than that of the assassin. The pursuit will not stand investigation. It is contrary to the laws of God and man, and equally condemned by the civilian and divine. The rising public sentiment is against it, and the wretched inebriate himself, in the dying, honest hour, testifies against it.

1. It is contrary to *human law*.

To such a test we readily bring our charge, and ask a verdict from the bar of every criminal court in the land. It is true, indeed, that at these tribunals of justice those who deal in the poison as a beverage are not indicted, yet we contend that the great principles of law which regulate daily these courts in their decisions, render them justly liable to indictment, and the severest sentence of the law. What is the grand design of human legislation but the public good, the security of the great interest of society, especially that of human life. Hence it is we find the enactments of law so rigid with regard to every thing affecting life. Whatever is considered dangerous, or in the least degree hazardous, such as gunpowder, steam, unwholesome provisions, infectious diseases, and rabid dogs, are all matters of the most strict legislation. The law is most specific with regard to the use and sale of poisons. Any person, the law declares, that shall mingle poison with food, drink, or medicine, with an evil intent, or recklessly; or shall poison a well, or reservoir, or spring, where persons are accustomed to drink, shall be adjudged guilty of crime, and punished, though no person dies, for the space of ten years in the state-prison. Now, we ask, does not this law in its spirit, if not in the very letter, condemn the dealer in alcohol, who mingles every hour of the day the fatal poison in the drink of his neighbor? The law further declares, that if any physician, when intoxicated, prescribes

poison, or any drug or medicine which shall endanger health or life, he shall, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of crime. If an apothecary sells arsenic, corrosive sublimate, or any poison, without labelling said substance with the word "poison," he subjects himself to a heavy penalty. Why, we ask, should not he who sells one of the most dangerous and destructive poisons ever known, be subject to a severe penalty, who does not label every glass of spirits that he sells in blazing capitals—POISON? So benevolent is the law, that it protects even the lives of animals from poison, and strictly prohibits any person mingling it with the water of a pond, or a stream where there may be fish, or where cattle are accustomed to drink.

Thus we see that great principles are established, laws enacted and daily put in force that condemn and render highly criminal all those engaged in the unhallowed business. No man thus employed, indeed, could escape the arm of the law, were there in our government consistency, justice, or a proper, righteous regard in this matter to the public good. Our public authorities license men to sell the poison. Directly in opposition to the laws of their own enactment—to the order, peace, and security of the community, they grant a monopoly to a particular class of men to deal out the poison at their pleasure; to rob others of their property, their character, their health, their reason, their life, and every thing that is dear; to scatter firebrands, arrows, and death, through the length and the breadth of the land. They authorize men to pursue a business that is every where spreading desolation and death; filling the world with sorrow and wo; producing more poverty, vice, crime, disease, and actual suffering, than all other unlawful pursuits combined. Should they license the slave trade or piracy, they could not more directly act against the public good. Thus they become guilty participants in this work of death. And we ask, have they no responsibility in the matter who voluntarily uphold such a magistracy?

2. In sustaining our charge, we appeal to the *honest convictions* of our most distinguished jurists and legislators.

"The time will come," says Chancellor Walworth, "when reflecting men will no more think of vending ardent spirits, or erecting or renting grog-shops as a means of gain, than they would now think of poisoning the well from which a neighbor obtains water for his family, or of arming a maniac to destroy his own life or the lives of others." "They that sell or make ardent spirits for common use," says Judge Dagget, "are as wicked as those that sell or make poison for the same purpose; the blood of murdered bodies and souls will be required at their hands."

In reasoning eloquently on the subject, says another eminent civilian, "I know that the cup is poisoned; I know that it may cause death—more than death; that it may lead to crime, to the tortures of everlasting remorse. Am I not then a murderer; worse than a murderer; as much worse, than the soul is better than the body?" To such testimony, were it necessary to strengthen our position, we might add the published sentiments of distinguished counsellors, judges, and senators, from every section of our country. Indeed, the intelligent and virtuous throughout the community are becoming deeply impressed with a sense of the awful criminality of the traffic. "Disguise the business as they will," say the worthy gentlemen composing the committee of the New-York State Temperance Society, "in its true character it is the business of destroying the bodies and souls of men." The report of the American Temperance Society, representing the sentiments of its members, including more than two millions of our best citizens, declares, "That good men of all descriptions who are acquainted with this subject throughout the country, begin to view it as a sin of high and awful aggravation, and to believe that a man is as really guilty who kills himself, or is accessory to the death of his fellow-men, by means of ardent spirits, as by means of opium, a knife, or a pistol."

The public sentiment, happy are we to say, is now undergoing a most rapid change. The intelligent and the virtuous are retiring from the traffic as wicked and ruinous, and leaving it to those whose love of gain is stronger than their love to God or man. And without a prophet's vision, we may confidently predict that the day is not far distant, when all those engaged in the manufacturing and sale of inebriating drinks will be regarded by the civilized world with utter abhorrence, and in the same odious light as they who prosecute the slave trade, piracy, and murder. The note of remonstrance from an outraged community already has been sounded, and will wax louder and louder till an end is put to the great destroyer.

3. From the highest human authority, we appeal to that which is divine—to the law of God.

"Thou shalt not kill," is the solemn prohibition of heaven. If an ox was known to be dangerous, and by being turned loose destroyed life, the owner, by the principles of interpretation laid down in the sacred volume, was adjudged guilty of murder, and forfeited his life. How, then, we ask, guided by the principles of the holy oracles, can we pronounce innocent the person who recklessly lets loose a worse creature, though he may call it a good creature of God, to wound and kill his fellow-beings by scores and thousands? To this precept of the deca-

logue, "Thou shalt not kill," there is no exception made with regard to the instruments employed in taking life. He who kills by alcohol falls under its dreadful sentence as certainly as he who takes life by any other poison. Let the Bible explain itself. "Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also." Here the wo of God is pronounced directly on those engaged in the traffic. Is it not the dealer in intoxicating drinks that puts the bottle to his neighbor's mouth; and is it not he that makes his neighbor drunken? To such, the Bible is a book full of wo, the flying roll which the prophet saw—full of curses. "Wo," it is said, "to the world, because of offences." By whom do so many offences come, we ask, as by those thus employed? "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." And if the drunkard shall be excluded from the abodes of purity and bliss, must not they "become partakers of their sins, and receive of their plagues," who hold out to them the inebriating glass and allure them to sin and death? Shall he who yields to the temptation drink the vials of the wrath of God, and the tempter escape the condemnation and the curse of heaven? Does not the Bible throughout regard the tempter as the most guilty and deserving of punishment? How then shall he escape the denunciation of the sacred book whose daily business is to tempt men to sin? The spirit and the letter of God's law is utterly at war with the whole traffic.

In this exposition of the divine precept we are not alone. Thus it is regarded by its soundest expositors and advocates. Eminent divines of every religious denomination in the land have given it as their honest conviction that the man who, at the present day, with so much light in his possession, makes or sells the poison as a drink, is guilty not only of an immorality, but of a most heinous violation of the sixth commandment.

"I challenge," says Dr. Beecher, "any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not guilty of murder." President Wayland declares "the business equally criminal with the selling of any other poison, or propagating the plague or leprosy." And thus addresses the late President Fiske to those engaged in the pursuit: "The man is ruined, and you have been the instrument. Say not, if you do not sell, others will. Must you be a destroyer of your race because others are? Say not, if you do not sell, it will injure your business. Must you indeed deal out ruin to your fellow-men, or starve? Then starve. It would be a glorious martyrdom contrasted with the other alternative. Do not say, I sell by the large quantity; I have no tipplers about me, and therefore am not guilty. You are the chief man in this business; you are 'the poisoner-general' of whom Mr. Wesley speaks; who murder your fellow-citizens by the wholesale. You stand at the

bulkhead and open the flood-gates. They from this river of fire draw off the small rivulets and direct them all over the land, to blight every hope and burn up every thing green. The greater your share in the traffic, the greater your guilt." Testimony of similar character might be gathered from the leading divines and ecclesiastical bodies of every name in our country; but we forbear.

4. In conclusion, we simply present the testimony of *the wretched, dying drunkard himself*.

As there he lies expiring, listen how he pours out his execrations, loud and awful, on the man that effected his ruin. Not long since, one who had been furnished by his neighbor with the means of destruction, and been brought by it to the verge of the grave, was visited in his last moments by the author of his ruin, who asked whether he remembered him? The dying man, forgetting his struggle with the king of terrors, said, "O yes; I remember you, and I remember your store, where I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next. And when I am dead and gone, and you come and take from my widow the shattered remains of my property to pay my rum debts, they too will remember you. We shall all remember you through eternity."

With this witness we close our testimony.

In sustaining our charge, we have examined the laws of the land; we have consulted the opinions of those skilled and profound in the law. We have appealed to the honest convictions of more than two millions of our best citizens. We have quoted the law of God, and appealed to the opinions of the soundest expositors and advocates of this law. We have summoned to the bar for his testimony, the poor dying inebriate himself. And now, in view of all the evidence presented, we make our appeal to the honest convictions of our readers. We call upon you, as you gaze on the maker and vender of this poison, to say, **GUILTY** or **NOT GUILTY?**

We ask your testimony on this point, to add to that already given. Thus we hope to swell the note of alarm, and sound it the louder in the ear of every man engaged in the traffic. Thus we hope to startle them from their death-like slumbers. We would have them know the truth; what the laws of the land in their spirit declare respecting them; what our courts of justice would do with them, if consistency and righteousness were properly regarded. We would have them know what the man of science and every respectable physician have declared

respecting their business—what the ablest counsellors, judges, and senators have avowed—what the laws of God have proclaimed, and the pulpit unhesitatingly publishes. We would have them know what the rising public sentiment is, and what posterity will think and say about them. We would have them know and feel that the day of awful retribution is at hand, and what a cloud of witnesses from the ranks of those ruined are coming up to the judgment to testify against them. We would have them know, that at the judgment they *must* meet the victims of their cupidity, and with them the widow and the poor orphan. We would strike an immediate and effectual blow at their selfishness and their cruelties, arouse their consciences, and alarm their fears. We would persuade them to abandon for ever the vile and ruinous traffic, and thus save their names from eternal infamy, and their souls from perdition. Who can look on those thus dealing out the liquid poison, and not pronounce them guilty. Let the widow tell her story of sorrows. Let the orphan speak. And ye wives, from your bleeding, broken hearts, bear testimony. Is not the man guilty who has made the drunkard of your husband—robbed you of his love, his society, and that protection and support to which you were entitled? Is he not guilty? From your aching bosom the response is heard, “guilty, guilty!” Go, then, injured woman, and tell the destroyer, “you are killing my husband.” Go with your infant in your arms, and with all the little ones, and hold them up to the sight of him that poisons and makes a monster of their father. The sight, accompanied with a mother’s tears and a mother’s prayers, may reach his heart and stop the inhuman traffic.

Fathers and mothers, we call on you. Behold your profligate sons, how they throng the places where the cup of death is sold. How rapid their course to the grave. Yonder is a thoughtless youth. See that man hand him the glass; it is full of the deadly poison. Mark how, for paltry pence, he stabs the body and the soul of thy child. In a moment reason is gone; he raves, he reels, and falls. By the hands of the seducer he is tumbled into the street. There the young profligate lies. Hark the shout of the wicked mob. Hasten, parents, to thy erring child. Alas! he is dead. And who murdered the child? Every bosom responds, the man that sold him the poison. O, what cruel, horrid work is this! It has indeed filled the world with the wounded, the dying, and the dead; with blighted hopes and broken hearts; with widows and with orphans; and the gray hairs of fathers and mothers with sorrow it has brought down to the grave. When, when shall it stop? Is there no end to this river of death? Shall it never cease to pour its withering, burning waters over the land and the world? *Never*, until the community awake more to the subject, and take hold of the work of reform with an interest and effort becoming the appalling magnitude of the evil. *Never*, until the moderate drinker,

and the drunkard, the distiller, the importer, the vender of the poison, and all directly or indirectly engaged in promoting the traffic, shall be viewed and treated by society as their character deserves. Never, until the magistracy of the land, sustained by a virtuous people, shall withhold their countenance and support from the traffic. Never, until the sons of Levi purify themselves; and the church of God "come out from among them and be separate, and touch not the *unclean thing*." Never, until the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks shall every where prevail. Never, until *the name*, the influence, the property, the prayers, and interests of all be solemnly pledged to the support of the temperance cause. When this is done, the glorious work of reform shall be achieved. This awful scourge of the human race shall cease. The destroying angel shall take his flight. Earth shall burst into the beauty and freshness of Eden. "Peace shall be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces." The angel having the everlasting Gospel shall be seen flying without a hinderance, bearing the precious treasure to every creature. And it shall be published throughout the utmost bounds of earth, and echoed and re-echoed through the wide vaults of heaven: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen."